

GOTHAS' "14 TONS OF BOMBS" IN PARIS RAID

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

No. 4,453.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1918

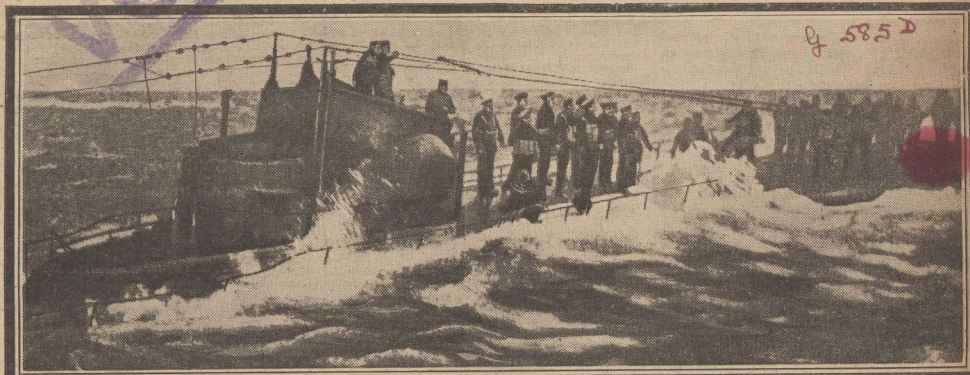
One Penny.

A YOUNG V.C.

SURRENDER OF A SUBMARINE CREW.



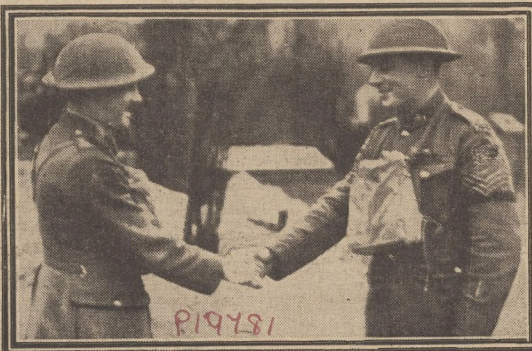
Private W. T. Holmes, Canada's nineteen-year-old V.C. He bombed the crews of two enemy machine guns.



Crew of the German submarine which was sunk by the American destroyers Fanning and Nicholson assembled on the U-boat's deck to surrender to the commander of the first-named T.B.D. While the men were being transferred to the Fanning, the German craft, which had been damaged by depth charges, sank beneath them, and many of them jumped into the water.



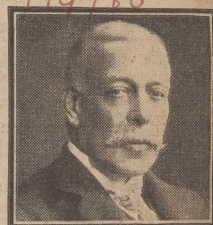
Private Holmes talking to two of his chums.



Sergeant Mullins being congratulated by an officer.

Sergeant Mullins and Private Holmes, two Canadian V.C.s, are seen here on their return to the front from leave. Mullins, whose brother was killed on the Somme, owes his life to a revolver which he took from a prisoner whom he captured in a pill-box. He strapped it on his belt and during the day a bullet hit it.—(Canadian War Records.)

MEN IN THE NEWS



Sir Rowlett Milbank, Bart., J.P., M.P., who has been created an operation. He was formerly a Lord-Lieutenant of Radnorshire.



Col. Sir Thomas English, K.C.M.G., who has been created a Knight of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. He was introduced to the King.



Sir Worthington Evans, Bart., M.P., the new Financial Secretary to the Ministry of Munitions. He represents Colchester (Russell.)

EARLY 17TH CENTURY VESTMENTS WORN IN PROCESSION AT OXFORD.



The president and his standard-bearer.



The vestments worn by the clergy date from the early seventeenth century.

The annual meeting of the Royal Martyr Church Union was held at Oxford on the anniversary of the execution of King Charles I. The standard of the president of the union, Captain H. S. Wheatly-Crowe, was carried in the procession.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

SOLDIER WHO SHOT WIFE IS SET FREE.

Judge on Fighter Who Was Deeply Wronged.

"THE DEAR BABY."

"Never before in the annals of a criminal court has a more pathetic and more tragic story of a short domestic life been unfolded," said Mr. Justice Atkin yesterday at the Old Bailey, when Henry Stephen Canham, twenty-two, soldier, who pleaded guilty to manslaughter of his wife, was bound over to come up for judgment if called upon.

When Sir A. Bokkin, prosecuting, accepted the soldier's plea and offered no evidence on the capital charge, the Judge said the prosecution was acting rightly.

Counsel said that while in France Canham received a letter which stated: "Your wife is not going on as she ought to. She stops out all night and has sold up most of your things. She has left the house by itself and the poor little thing cries all day."

HIS WIFE'S CONFESSION.

Prisoner said when he went to bed his wife made a confession to him. "I got out of bed and shot her. I should not have done my duty otherwise."

About two hours before I was to go over the top for the first time I heard that my wife had deserted the little boy. When I came back after taking our objective, an officer told me that my wife's conduct had reached the ears of the police.

When I saw her when on leave I said I would forgive her if she looked after the dear baby. My revolver was on the bed lamping me, and the woman I loved was resting on my arm.

I said: "Gladys, I have always loved you. There was a moon, the shot had been fired. My wife was dead, and I went to my mother and said: 'Mother, I have done it.'"

Lieutenant J. Cuffin, M.C., said: "Canham is all that a British soldier can be."

Mr. Purchase, defending, said that on the very day that prisoner landed in France his wife was selling up his home.

The Judge remarked: "It is obvious that while you were away doing your duty to your country she neglected your child, your home, was grossly unfaithful to you and wrote you insulting letters. And yet, with all that, you were willing to take her back."

"It does not surprise me that, in the bitterness of your disappointment at the departed hopes of a happy life, in the impulse of the moment you took this woman's life."

The Judge said that he hoped that his decision would not be taken as a precedent or that it would be thought he regarded the taking of human life lightly.

MARQUISATE CLAIM.

Story of a Baby's Funeral and an Exhumed Coffin.

The claim of George Bereford—or Tooth—to be marquisate of Waterford was again before Mr. Justice Coleridge in the Probate Court yesterday, and further adjourned.

The defence to the suit is that the petitioner, who was at one time a servant girl, is the son of Georgina Tooth, born at the City Road Workhouse, and that the child of the wife of the fifth Marquis—whom he claims to be—predeceased the Marchioness in April 1873.

Evidence was called showing that John Tooth was born in the Holborn Union on January 25,

MOONSHINE HOURS.

The moon will enter its last quarter on Monday. The times of rising and setting are:

	Rise.	Set.	Effective Light.
Fri.	11. 0 a.m.	9.16 a.m.	7 hrs.
Saturday	12.14 a.m.	9.38 a.m.	6 hrs.
Sunday	10. 2.2 a.m.	10. 2.2 a.m.	5 hrs.
Monday	2.32 a.m.	10.30 a.m.	4 hrs.
Tuesday	3.33 a.m.	11.20 a.m.	3 hrs.

1872, and that the mother, whose death was also registered, was described as a servant girl.

Mr. Alfred Pitney, formerly an undertaker, said he received instructions for the funeral of a stillborn child.

The coffin, which was placed in Brompton Cemetery, was taken there in Lord Waterford's brougham. Later the coffin was exhumed.

Mrs. Priscilla White (formerly Kynaston), maid to Lady Waterford, gave corroborative evidence of the burial of her mistress and the baby in Ireland, and further stated that Mrs. Vivyan said she would like to provide for George Tooth.

LORDS AGAIN REBUFFED.

By a majority of only eight votes—178 to 170—the Commons last night rejected the Lords' amendment to omit the alternative vote provision from the Reform Bill. This provision is now restored and further complicates the situation between the two Houses.

Request to Disabled.—Mrs. Lizzie G. Nepomukoff Omuroff, of Portland-place, left a large amount for the benefit of disabled soldiers and sailors.

THE CLYDE CRISIS.

Mr. Henderson Warns Cabinet and Appeals to Workers.

LABOUR'S PEACE PLANS.

Mr. Arthur Henderson issued an important statement last night regarding the Clyde trouble over the Man-Power Bill. His statement comprises the following warning to the Government and an appeal to Clyde workers:—

Cabinet Warned.—The unfortunate and avoidable impasse between the Government and the Amalgamated Society of Engineers threatens to develop into a crisis of the first magnitude.

The temper of the workmen is dangerous, and the unyielding attitude of the Government is bringing the country to the verge of industrial revolution.

I desire to make an earnest appeal to the Government that they should at once agree to meet the delegates of the A.S.E. in a separate conference.

Appeal to Clyde Men.—I also appeal to the workers to realise the gravity of the step they have taken in demanding, under a threat of an immediate stoppage of work, that the Government shall declare an armistice and to enter into negotiations with the Central Powers.

Their action may precipitate a crisis which, in the interests of the whole international working-class movement we must do all in our power to avert.

The arrangements we are making for concerted action by international democracy in the direction of general peace are rapidly approaching completion.

Mr. Henderson proceeds to refer to a coming Allied Labour Conference in Paris, which he expects will result in an agreement to secure a peace based on democratic principles. He adds: "Nothing will do more to imperil this consummation than an ill-considered attempt on the part of a section of the workers to force the pace of the negotiations we have set on foot. Such an attempt can only lead to disaster for the democratic cause."

CAPT. MULLER GRUMBLES.

Emden's Commander On Our Treatment of Prisoners.

Captain von Muller, of the Emden, who left England for internment in Holland under the recent reciprocal agreement as to prisoners of war is represented as complaining of his treatment while a prisoner in several particulars, states Reuter.

A statement, for example, which he appears to have made, that "the treatment of German prisoners in England was certainly not as chivalrous as is commonly supposed in Germany" may excite some surprise by its wording, but hardly demands an answer.

There is, however, one phrase in the interview which calls for strong comment. Captain von Muller is reported as saying that his treatment in H.M.S. London, which brought him to England from Malta, was unspeakable.

He was accommodated in the captain's lobby in a comfortable cabin, was served with meals from the wardroom mess, was waited on by a wardroom servant, and was visited by the captain personally twice a day and asked whether he had any complaints or wants.

Apart from the loss of his effects, "which missed the steamer and came by the next, the only complaint was made by Captain von Muller was that the country, who naturally accompanied him when he was taking exercise on deck, was armed with a rifle. This was remedied in compliance with his wish."

"ALWAYS BRAVE MEN."

Inquest on Seven Firemen Killed by Collapse of Burning Building.

A verdict of Accidental Death was returned at a Lambeth inquest yesterday on the seven firemen who were killed by the collapse of an outer wall while working at a fire on Albert Embankment on Wednesday morning.

The coroner said that the firemen were always brave men accustomed to taking risks.

It is the irony of fate that Fireman Fay, one of the dead men, should have gone through the battles of Mons, the Marne and the Aisne.

BRAZIL'S HELP FOR ALLIES.

Rio de Janeiro, Wednesday.—Commenting on correspondence which has passed between the Brazilian Foreign Minister and Sir Arthur Peel, the British Minister, on the subject of Brazil's naval contribution to the war, the *Jornal do Comercio* says:—

"It is the firm intention of Brazil to take part on the one hand by sending armaments to England, and on the other by squadrons of cruisers and destroyers."—Reuter.

UNIFORM RAID WARNINGS.

Sir George Cave, in the House of Commons yesterday, informed Mr. Wiles that the police were endeavouring the arrange for uniformity in the raid warnings given by local authorities, particularly in regard to the colour of the lights displayed.

RATIONS FOR ALL.

Schemes Being Arranged for the Whole of the Country.

SACCHARINE FOR TEASHOPS.

Rationing schemes are being "speeded up." In addition to the London and Home Counties rationing scheme, which comes into force on February 25, the following combined schemes are now either in operation or about to be:—

(1) A Scottish scheme covering the entire industrial area of Scotland, with Glasgow and Edinburgh as centres.

(2) A South Midland scheme, comprising Oxford, Southampton, Wiltshire, Buckinghamshire, with Portsmouth, Southampton and Reading as centres.

(3) South Wales, with Cardiff and Swansea as centres.

The industrial cities and larger towns of the North, including Bradford, Leeds, Manchester, Burnley, Huddersfield and Halifax, are completing arrangements for the grouping of schemes. Lord Rhondda, replying to a railwayman's deputation yesterday, said:—

A national scheme of rationing would shortly be brought into operation, and the ration would then, as now, be on a flat rate, but the man engaged on hard manual labour would receive more than the man working in a sedentary occupation.

The Price of Milk.—Lord Rhondda yesterday told a deputation from the Farmers' Union that the summer prices (wholesale) of milk had been fixed as follows:—Is. 6d. for April, Is. for May and June, Is. 2d. for July, and Is. 3d. for August and September. The question of a minimum retail price would have consideration.

Cutting Down Sweets.—Sir Charles Bathurst, chairman of the Sugar Commission, stated at a conference yesterday that it is now proposed to cut down the varieties of sweets that are sold in civilian shops. The varieties of sweets for civilian use will be confined to chocolates and those products which can, in case of need, sweeten beverages in place of sugar.

More Saccharine.—Sir Charles announced that the output of saccharine would be more than trebled during the next few months. The price would be reduced, and supplies made available for people who took tea and coffee in restaurants and teashops.

MILLIONAIRE'S DEATH.

Mr. Alfred de Rothschild's Finan- cial Work for the Allies.

Mr. Alfred Charles de Rothschild passed away last night in his seventy-sixth year.

His health had been affected by the great strain owing to his financial work for the Allies. "Mr. Alfred," as visitors to his big City office always called him, was one of the most popular of all millionaires. To the world he was best known as a partner in the famous City firm of Messrs. N. M. Rothschild and Sons, but he was also for some years a Director of the Bank of England and Trustee of the National Gallery.

TOO MANY BOOTS.

Half-a-Million Women's Pairs Now Unsaleable.

It was estimated yesterday, *The Daily Mirror* learns, that no fewer than 1,000,000 pairs of boots are unsold to-day, although there is a shortage of supplies which wartime boots cannot for many weeks overtake.

Four to five hundred thousand pairs of women's high-legged boots cannot be sold as the Army Council order forbids the sale of high-legged footwear exceeding 7in. in height if of leather or 8in. in height if of any other material.

In order that the date for the sale of these boots might be extended beyond February 1, or cancelled altogether, the Shoe Distributors' Association recently sent a deputation to the Director of Raw Materials.

The deputation was unofficially informed that the War Office would be favourably considered as an amended date for the sale of high-legged boots, and the whole matter would be reconsidered in October.

FOUR BOMBS IN A STREET

Air Raid Victim's Bag of Jewellery —Danger of Open Doors.

In two London districts inquests were held yesterday on thirteen victims of Monday night's air raids.

The widow of Juan Kamanowitch, a journeyman tailor, said that when she returned she found her house had been demolished; and a constable stated that he found the body of Kamanowitch in a basement next door, a bag containing jewellery and money being near the dead man. Four bombs were dropped in that street.

A witness stated in other cases that of seventeen casualties caused by a bomb falling in a street sixteen, including three deaths, were of persons who had not taken shelter. A fourth victim was a man who had left the front door open.

Mr. J. Graham Symes easily won the match of 2,000 up for the amateur championship of English billiards at the Royal School, yesterday, and to retain his title. Scores: Symes 2,000, Bourne 1,121.

£1,000 IN FOUR DAYS.

From the proceeds of the first four days' sale of "Canada in Khaki," No. 2, the publishers have been enabled to send a cheque for £1,000 on account of the profits to the Canadian War Memorials' Fund. It is expected that the book will be completely sold out in a day or two.

"WAR IS IN MOST TRYING STAGE."

Sir E. Carson on Question of Peace.

LORD LANSDOWNE TOO.

There were two speeches made yesterday on the subject of peace—one by Sir Edward Carson and the other by Lord Lansdowne.

Sir E. Carson addressed the British Empire Producers' Association. Lord Lansdowne spoke to a deputation of authors, journalists and others, led by Lord Loreburn, who presented to him an address in acknowledgment of the services which they said he had rendered to the country by his recent letter on the war.

"The war is now in its most trying stage," said Sir Edward Carson, whose other points were:—

"My firm belief is that the one question now between ourselves and our enemies is who will hold out."

"Do not let us divide the nation into two parties, as if they were composed of those who wanted peace and those who wanted war. We all want peace, but the difference between us is that we must reflect upon the great difference between a real peace and a patched up peace."

In the response to Lord Lansdowne's speech he saw no approach on the part of our enemies to an honourable and a lasting peace.

So long as our enemies dreamed of the utter disintegration of the British Empire this country down to the greatest pacifist in it will have nothing to do with it.

"ALL LONGING FOR PEACE."

We all longed for peace, but suppose we made it to-morrow!

What were we to trust to when we have made peace when Germany is boasting that her armies are triumphant and that she has been enabled to carry out a war of conquest?

"All we could do would be to put our heads together as to what was the best way to prepare for the next war, when we will require all our energies for the reconstruction of all that has been destroyed through the greed and ambitions of Germany."

Lord Lansdowne in his speech said: "We desire, in the first place, a clean peace—a peace based on adequate reparation and a peace that will give adequate security for the future and with a desire for the solution of any international difficulties that may be outstanding—to use President Wilson's words, 'In accordance with historically established lines.'"

"We desire such a peace to be obtained as soon as possible, and we trust there will be no unnecessary fencing in exaggerated fear of falling into peace traps."

Some of us, he said, clung to the hope of obtaining peace by negotiation, but others believed peace was unobtainable except by a crushing victory.

He had had very glorious successes, but he said he did not know whether any high authority at this moment was prepared to say that a crushing and decisive victory had been won.

His other points were that a durable peace could only be obtained by bringing about a combination of all the Powers bound to refer disputes to some international tribunal.

CARRIED UNDER TRAIN.

Extraordinary Accident Holds Up Traffic on District Railway.

As a crowded District Railway train was leaving Earl's Court Station last evening, about six o'clock, a man either fell in front of the train or was knocked there and was carried to West Brompton.

He was seen under the train and was found to be still alive. The current was turned off and everything plunged into darkness. The man, however, could not be extricated until jacks had been sent for from Park Royal Green.

Eventually the man arrived, the front carriage was hoisted, and the man was released, two and three-quarter hours after the accident happened.

NEWS ITEMS.

5s. Notes.—There is no present intention of issuing 5s. notes, but a stock has been printed to meet any emergency in the silver situation.—Mr. Bonar Law.

Races Abandoned.—So dense was the fog at Windsor yesterday that there was never much prospect of racing, and after a slight delay the Stewards abandoned the meet for the day.

"W.A.A.C." Absentee.—Jane Ann Richards was at Crews yesterday ordered to await an escort from a Welsh depot of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, from which she was charged with being an absentee.

GOETAS' 14 TONS OF BOMBS RAID ON PARIS

Two Hospitals Hit—20 People Killed and Over 50 Injured—Raider Downed.

MARTIAL LAW DECLARED IN HAMBURG.

Rumanian Troops Enter Russian Town of Kishinef—Bombs Near Bagdad: Some Casualties in a Hospital.

Raid on Paris.—In their moonlight raid on Paris the Goetas dropped fourteen tons of bombs. Two hospitals were hit. Twenty people were killed and over fifty were injured.

Rumanian Move.—Rumanian troops have entered the Russian town of Kishinef.

German Strikes.—The German strikes are said to be extending. Martial law has been proclaimed in Hamburg, Altona and Wandsbeck.

GERMANS DROP "14 TONS OF BOMBS" ON PARIS. FRENCH AIRMEN'S DARING FEAT AT THIANCOURT.

Hospitals Hit—Women and Children Among Victims. Station Bombarded at Very Low Elevation—Big Fire.

ONE MACHINE "DOWNED."

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

Four enemy air squadrons crossed the lines north of Compiègne and reached Paris, flying at a very great altitude and favoured by the clearness of the atmosphere.

They approached Paris and its suburbs from the north and north-east, dropping in succession bombs on several suburbs.

They then flew over Paris, chiefly on the right bank of the Seine, where in a few moments they dropped almost all their bombs, causing a fairly considerable number of casualties, especially among women and children.

Two hospitals were hit and several buildings burned and damaged.

ABOUT TWENTY KILLED.
The number of killed is about twenty and of wounded about fifty.

Several air fights were fought north of the capital.

One French aeroplane was brought down and its two occupants taken prisoners.

One French aeroplane had to land, its occupants being wounded.

A further report will be issued later, giving the number of our casualties.—Reuter.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

On Christmas Eve and during the month of January enemy airmen, in spite of our warnings, have again dropped bombs on open German towns outside the region of operations.

Thanks to our measures of defence, the losses and damage were slight.

As a reprisal 14 tons (fourteen tons) of bombs were dropped during the night of January 30-31 on the city of Paris in the first systematic attack from the air.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

A POWERFUL BARRAGE.

PARIS, Thursday.—The anti-aircraft guns in the northern outskirts of the city opened a vigorous fire against the approaching enemy machines, and the numerous flashes of bursting shells in the sky, in addition to the continuous booming of the guns, showed that a powerful barrage was being put up.—Reuter.

PARIS, Thursday.—Commenting on the Gotha raid on Paris, the *Petit Parisien* says:—"To the crowds marching the streets with their cry of 'Give us bread, give us peace,' the German Government replies: 'We have bombarded London. We are bombarding Paris.'"

If this reply is found satisfactory, that is their affair. For us this new enemy crime will only make us the more determined, if that were possible, in our resolution to conquer."

M. Hutin, in the *Echo de Paris*:—"Great reprisals are indispensable, and it is to be hoped that this very afternoon at Versailles the question will be dealt with."—Exchange.

President Poincaré Visits Wounded.—Paris, Thursday.—President Poincaré, accompanied by municipal officials, visited the wounded in hospital this morning.—Central News.

ALLIES' ABSOLUTE UNITY.

PARIS, Thursday.—Speaking of the Inter-Allied meeting yesterday at Versailles, in the course of which all the questions raised by the conduct of the war were discussed, M. Marcel Hutin says:

"I can give the assurance that the agreement as to the military conduct is absolute between the British and French High Commands, as well as with their Italian colleagues. The admirable attitude of the United States is worthy of note."—Exchange.

ITALIANS CONTINUE THEIR THRUST NEAR ASIAGO.

New Position Improved—Seven Enemy Planes Downed.

ITALIAN OFFICIAL.

Thursday.—In the plateau zone, on the same spot that witnessed during the last few days the brilliant deeds of the troops of the First Army, our detachments kept up yesterday their energetic thrusts south of Asiago.

To the west of the Frenzella Valley they have improved the new position, advancing it a little way to the north-east of Col del Rosso.

Our batteries here kept their fire directed behind the enemy's line, incessantly shelling the troop movements there.

On the rest of the front there has been considerable artillery activity in the Val Lagarina, and between the Adige and the Astico, an attack launched by a big enemy patrol broke down on the right bank of the Adige, west of Marco, and a successful raid was made by one of our groups on the enemy's trenches to the west of Monte Astone, where two machine guns have been captured.

Our airmen and those of our Allies have attained fresh brilliant victories, bringing down seven enemy aeroplanes in all.

During an effective bombardment of the principal enemy lines of communication to the plateau of Asiago our machines brought down one aeroplane which attempted to attack them.

Our chasing squadrons brought down two machines between Costa Lunga and Monte Melago. English airmen brought down four machines between Ormelles and Oderzo, on the left bank of the Piave.

German Official, Thursday.—South-west of Asiago an Italian attack broke down under our fire.

Artillery activity continued lively between Asiago and the Brenta.

The number of prisoners taken by the Austro-Hungarian troops in the recent fighting has increased to fifteen officers and 660 men.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

RUMANIAN TROOPS ENTER KISHINEF.

More Fighting in Finland—Red Guard Heavily Defeated.

JASSY (received yesterday).—The Rumanian troops which were summoned by the Russian High Command in the south-west entered Kishinef on January 28 amid the cheers of the population.—Reuter.

MORE FIGHTING IN FINLAND.

STOCKHOLM (received yesterday).—A message from Helsingfors states that a quiet time.

The White Guards, who are fighting with enthusiasm, are scoring successes everywhere, and are disarming the Red Guards, as, for example, at Kemi, Uleaborg, Kajana and Mola and St. Michel.

A fresh fight took place on Tuesday night near the station of Kemi, in which the Red Guards had eighty-seven killed and 127 wounded, while the White Guards' losses were only eight killed and one wounded.—Reuter.

TROTSKY'S UNDERTAKING.

A Central News Petrograd message states that the Official Telegram Bureau announces that Mr. Trotsky has sent a reply to the President of the Finnish Senate regarding the interference of Russian troops in the civil war in Finland, and stating that the Russian Government disapproves of it.

The reply, however, says it has come to the Russian Government's knowledge that Finnish counter-revolutionary elements have attacked Russian soldiers and thus forced them to defend themselves.

"We entirely agree with you," the reply concludes. "That Russian troops must be withdrawn from Finland as soon as possible."

ZEPP WORKS EXPLOSION.

ZURICH, Thursday.—A telegram from St. Gall reports from Rosenberg, on Lake Constance, that the noise of a tremendous explosion, accompanied by gunfire, was heard in the direction of Friedrichshafen at two o'clock on Wednesday morning, and that at the same moment a huge column of fire was seen and ascended a considerable height.

The telegram says it is probable an air attack on the Zeppelin works has taken place.—Reuter.

AMSTERDAM, Thursday.—The *Belgischche* reports that the hangars at the St. Dons Westerm Aerodrome were almost entirely destroyed by the air attacks at the beginning of the present month.—Central News.

AMERICAN LINE RAIDED.

AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE, Thursday.—An American position in a certain section of the French front was raided during a heavy fog shortly after daylight this morning, following a violent artillery barrage.

Two men were killed and four were wounded. One man is missing and is believed to have been taken prisoner by the enemy.—Reuter's Special Service.

HAMBURG IN A STATE OF SIEGE.

German Strikes Spreading and Growing in Strength.

MINISTERS' COUNCIL.

COPENHAGEN, Thursday.—The Socialist paper *Hamburger Echo* learns that the Commanding General has declared Hamburg, Altona and Wandsbeck to be in a state of siege.—Exchange.

A great number of Socialist leaders have been arrested in various German towns.

The strike is still growing. It is believed that of Berlin's 700,000 strikers 580,000 are women.

The fact that Berlin was wrapped in thick fog made it impossible for the authorities to prevent pamphlets from being disseminated.—Exchange.

MINISTERIAL CONFERENCE.

AMSTERDAM, Wednesday (received yesterday).—Tuesday's issue of *Der Tag* states that important conferences took place on Monday between the Imperial Secretary of State for the Interior, Herr von Wallraf, and the Prussian Minister of War, General von Stein.—Reuter.

AMSTERDAM, Thursday.—The latest Berlin messages indicate a further extension of the strike, and it is learned that 4,000 workers at the gun factories in South Berlin have downed tools.

The war industrial works at Barmen and Elberfeld have now ceased work.

The *Cologne Volkszeitung* reports from Berlin that the Socialist and Independent Socialist parties have combined and sunk their differences, the strikers' movement having served to unite them.—Central News.

THE NEW "SOVIET."

A Berlin telegram to the *Cologne Gazette*, transmitted through Reuter from Amsterdam, gives details of the Workmen's Council formed to put forward the demands of the strikers.

Delegates were chosen at the works involved in the strike, and these delegates united to form a Workmen's Council consisting of 500 workers, who in turn elected an Executive Committee of ten workmen and one workwoman.

Six Social Democratic deputies have been added, including three representatives of the old Social Democratic Party. The Independent Socialists are represented on the Committee by Haase, Ledebour and Ditman, and the Majority Party by Scheideemann, Eibert and Braun. The Executive Committee has decided to take the most energetic action against the prohibition of the meetings.

A deputation of five workers and four deputies has been chosen to treat with Herr Wallraf, the State Secretary, for this object. In refusing to receive the deputation, as announced yesterday, Herr Wallraf represented that for him to negotiate with the workers might lead to incalculable consequences. Whether the deputation will after all be received is as yet undecided.

According to the *Cologne Gazette*, the *Arbeiter Zeitung* of Vienna says that the Vienna Workmen's Council, which was formed during the recent strike, will become a permanent institution.—Reuter.

AIR RAID NEAR BAGDAD.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

On the night of January 24-25 hostile aeroplanes dropped bombs near Bagdad, causing some casualties in one of our hospitals.

On the following night our aeroplanes made successful attacks on Turkish Headquarters' units and aeroplanes.

SPAIN AND THE U-BOATS.

MADRID, Thursday.—The newspaper *El Sol* says that the project has been addressed to Berlin on the subject of the sinking of the *Giralda*—will be extremely strong in tone.

The *Heraldo* publishes a statement by an ex-Liberal Minister, who is reported as saying that Count Romanoff, the ex-Premier, during the moment has come to defend Spain with energy.—Reuter.

ANARCHISTS' THREAT.

WASHINGTON, Thursday.—Mr. Francis, the American Ambassador at Petrograd, has cabled to the State Department that a group of Russian Anarchists has notified him that he will be held personally responsible for the safety of Alexander Bergman and Emma Goldman, two Anarchists who are under sentence of imprisonment in the United States for violating the Military Draft Law.—Reuter.

RAID WARNINGS.

Sir George Cave informed Mr. Wiles that the police were endeavouring to arrange for uniformity in the raid warnings given by local authorities, particularly in regard to the colour of the lights displayed.

WADING THROUGH MUD AT THE FRONT: GOTHA DOWNED

THE MEN WHO



British soldiers wading through the mud.—(Official photograph.)



An American machine-gun squad in action.—(Official photograph.)



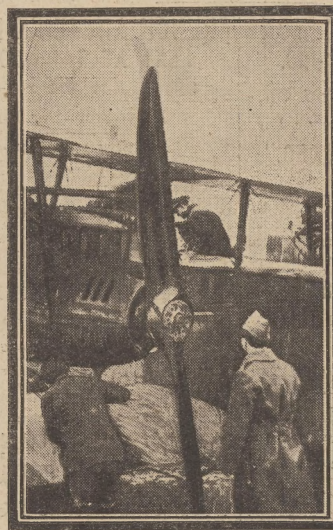
VISCOUNTESS MAIDSTONE.
(formerly Miss Drexel), is a Red Cross worker.



BRIDE TO BE.—Miss Mary Maxwell Stuart, to marry Capt. Anderson, R.A.M.C.



A helping hand. Struggling through the mud.—(Official.)



Downed Gotha.—(Belgian official.)

The aeroplane seen in the small photograph was brought down by a Belgian anti-aircraft gun on its way back from Dunkirk and the crew made prisoners. It was a large Gotha of the raider type, and carried a ton of explosives. This was a bad day for the Boche, three machines being destroyed by our Allies within eight hours.



Pilot and observer getting into the aeroplane. They are well known.



A night bombing aerodrome after its difficult mission.

SEIZURE OF M. CAILLAUX'S PAPERS.

BREAD TICKETS FOR PARIS.



M. Caillaux (in the foreground) arriving at the Palais de Justice in Paris to watch the breaking of the seals on the papers which were seized at his house in Italy.



Women distribute the tickets to applicants, who form themselves into a long queue.



INQUIRY.—Pte. W. Hubbard, Suffolk, who seeks address of Pte. J. H. Fowler, West Yorks, to whom he gave a pint of his blood. Write V.A. Hospital, Mount Priory, Plympton, Devon.



LADY GRIFFITHS.—Wife of Maj. Sir J. Norton Griffiths, R.C.B., D.S.O. He was three times mentioned in dispatches in the South African war and once this war.



How an observer gun fitted to the aeroplane.

BOMB BY NIGHT

OUR CAMPAIGNS IN THE EAST: OFFICERS GO MARKETING



...or to setting out on a night bomb-
...st cold.—(Official photograph.)



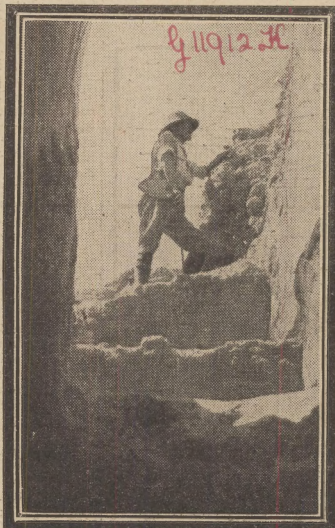
...s safely to its
...ly accomplished
...photograph.)



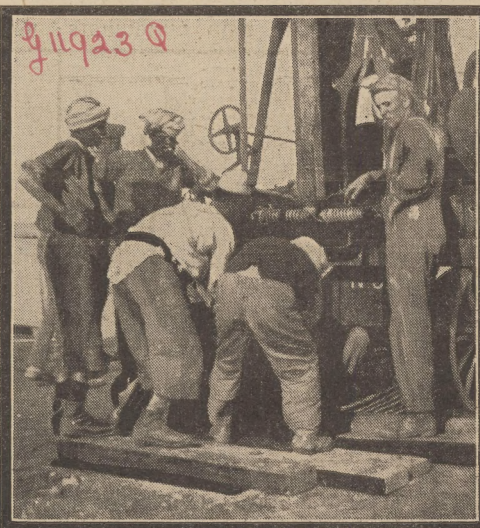
...enemy, with the
...photograph.)



An 18-pounder in action in the desert in Mesopotamia.—(Official.)



Now a dug-out.—(Official.)



Boring for water near Jerusalem.

The ruins shown in the small photograph, which now form a natural dugout for our men, are those of the khalif's house in the desert in Mesopotamia. The officers seen above are making purchases on behalf of the R.F.C. mess. They have to "control" the prices themselves, as there are also would-be profiteers in Palestine. The local dealers have inflated ideas as to the value of their goods, and have to be beaten down.



The local Smithfield in Palestine. Officers buying sheep.

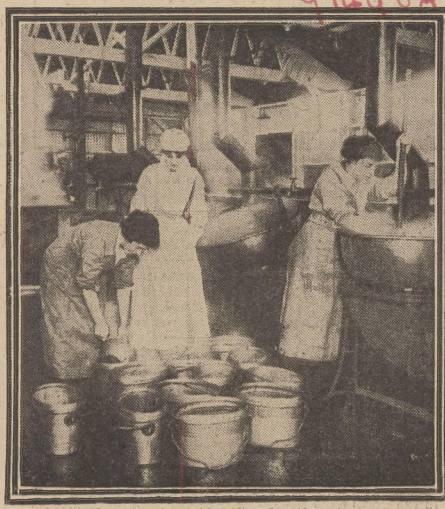


A WAR WORKER.—Lady Victoria Brady, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lincoln.



COUNTESS POULETT, who has converted her home into a hospital for the wounded.

MUCH MORE PALATABLE NOW.



W.A.A.C.s cooking the stew at a large military camp. The men much prefer the women cooks.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S SKILL WITH THE NEEDLE.



Sergeant Cain, an "old contemptible," who is lying in bed in a Devonshire hospital, and some of the designs he has embroidered.

TANK HERO.—Cpl. A. T. Miller, who has been awarded the Military Medal for his skill in guiding his tank over difficult ground under heavy shell-fire.



WOMAN P.M.—Miss Thompson, a provost marshal, who, as controller of the London district, exercises considerable powers in her particular sphere of work.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1918.

SUGGESTIONITIS.

THE prolongation of the war, and the ever-increasing discomforts and difficulties connected with it, set the brains of remote cranks working in some sense: if not actually war-working, then busy in making suggestions about the war.

It is a sort of disease with some of them. They fling themselves upon their type-writers, or possess themselves of pens, and bomb the newspapers with their fits of suggestionitis. They daily explode in imbecilities.

Some of the suggestions are so obviously futile as to be perfectly harmless. Many do not get printed. Others do. And a few, being printed, may, one day, possibly get taken seriously, if not by the authorities, at any rate by sections of the public as ignorant and foolish as the suggestion-mongers themselves.

We have already had two gravely discouraging examples.

First, the anti-bird crusade.

A "greatly exaggerated" rumour that sparrows destroy corn gave the signal for every cruel boy in every ill-educated village to go forth, catapult armed, and do what he could to destroy thrushes, larks, nightingales, anything; sparrows occasionally included. The loss and destruction of bird-life all over the country in this war has been lamentable and utterly needless.

Then came the anti-hedgerow crusade.

Miles of shelter against our deadly crows-killing winds have been sawn down on the fatuous plea that the shade or shelter impeded the growth of a few more turnips or cabbages. When any boy sees a bush or a shrub or a small tree he now feels justified in including that in his native mania for destruction. He is up and at it in a moment.

Trees themselves, naturally and perhaps necessarily, followed.

Our need for timber is indeed great. But this inevitable havoc has been conducted by no secure principle, one feels. It has simply been an onslaught on the "loveliest of God's thoughts," as the philosopher put it—the patient, the enduring, the beautiful tree; so far above us in the art of living and lasting! We attack it and knock it down out of jealousy, as savages hate their superiors.

Yesterday one of the papers contained, in the form of a letter, another fit of suggestionitis regarding trees—demanding that "all trees of more than a foot of diameter on and in hedgerows shall be cut down this winter." "It will give us more grain."

The leaves of these trees act as fertilisers in the autumn, and they shelter, as we said, the growing crops. Yet a dead set is made against them, as before the war, in Italy, in Spain, in dozens of countries, it had gone on, from generation to generation, reducing those countries to desolation through lack of life-giving moisture and protection from sun and wind.

Such are suggestionitis and suggestion-mongers.

Let us, too, make our suggestion.

Let us, too, write to an editor and say: "Sir, we need sense. We are sick of idiots. Each fool costs us hundreds of pounds a year. Let us administer free State-supplied doses of Veronal to every crank who makes an idiotic suggestion during the rest of the war. Or at least let us call them all up and put them in the front trenches.

"Then we shall have more sense perhaps in the next generation, if we get rid of our fools in this." W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

I am more afraid of my friends making themselves uncomfortable who have only imaginary evils to indulge than I am for the peace of those who, battling magnanimously with real inconvenience and danger, find a remedy in the very force of the exertions to which their lot compels them. —Walter Scott.



Mrs. Harvey du Cros, who drives for the Women's Reserve Ambulance (Green Cross).



Viscountess Harcourt, who was Miss Burns, of New York, is an ardent war worker.

"KULTUR" FOR PARIS.

Poor's Daughter Wedded in Fog—Naval Revue at Plymouth.

PARIS BOMBED at last!—or, perhaps I should say, again. For early in the war, I remember, "Taube five o'clocks" were well-known institutions in the brave, cheerful city, which took them, with typical courage, as a matter of course.

An Answer to Rumourists.—Here, lately, all the air raid rumourists were saying:

AIR RAID RUMOURISTS: NOTHING DOING!



They go about assuring us that such and such a place has been destroyed. We go and look. Nothing has happened. And (in some cases) we are a little disappointed. (By W. K. Haseidene.)

"You see; they don't bomb Paris. That shows how inferior we are, in London." They do bomb Paris. Another air raid rumour proved futile!

Protecting Art Treasures.—Seriously, London deeply sympathises with its sister city. I hear, by the way, from a friend at the Ministère de la Guerre there that wonderful precautions have been taken in Paris for the protection of works of art.

Huddersfield and Canada.—Huddersfield is preparing for the formal presentation to Canada of an aeroplane for which it has subscribed. Sir George Perley is going up to receive it on Saturday week, I am told.

C.O. and P.O.—There is trouble in the Post Office, I hear, with the Conches employed there. A new regulation by the Postmaster-General hits them hard in the pocket.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Wedding in Fog.—Setting off in sunshine for the wedding of Lord Newton's daughter Phyllis, I plunged at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, into red-brown fog. Those at the back of the church could see neither the bride nor her blue-clad pages.

A Duchess' Orders.—I could just discern that the Duchess of Buckingham wore her orders pinned on her velvet gown. The custom of wearing decorations in daylight is growing among women. The Spanish and United States Ambassadors were present.

Caricatures.—That Mr. Charles Pears has been selected by the Admiralty to paint official pictures of the Navy will surprise people who only know him by his humorous drawings. He is one of our best marine artists.

Bohemia.—I first met Mr. Pears in a little colony of artists located at Bedford Park. It also included Mr. Cecil Aldin, Mr. George Morrow and Mr. Harold Piffard. The latter's studio always fascinated me because

The Secretary.—Lord Southborough is still unfamiliar to most readers under his new title, but if I mention that he was Sir Francis Hopwood everybody will recognise him, particularly as his portrait is adjacent. He is now in London arranging for the meeting of Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues with the Irish Convention's delegates.



Lord Southborough.

The Village Pooch Eah.—A correspondent in a Midland village who wishes to remain anonymous tells me that he holds twenty-four large and small offices, from head teacher to hon. secretary of the pig-insurance club. Can any reader beat this?

Interested.—I saw Sir Edward Clarke (with velvet collar to his overcoat) in the Strand yesterday, and was struck by his air of intense interest in the passing pageant. He might have been a lad from the country instead of a hardened Londoner.

An Author.—It came out during the prosecution of Admiral Poore that Lady Poore is ill in a nursing home. It is some time since she published two fascinating books of reminiscences, from which the reviewers dug out many treasures of anecdote.

Films and Fictionists.—Mr. E. Temple Thurston evidently believes that there is a future for the author in film plays. I see he is going to lecture on the subject at the London Opera House next Friday week. As Mr. Nat Gould will also join in the debate, it ought to be illuminating.

A Profitable Sermon.—I hear that Queen Alexandra continues to send the profits of the sale of the late Canon Fleming's sermon, "Recognition in Eternity," to charities in which she is interested. The discourse, which was delivered in Sandringham Parish Church twenty-six years ago, has realised £1,832.

Promotion.—I see that Sir Michael Bruce has another "pip." For a stripling of twenty-three he has done things, having been in the B.S.A. Police before he "succeeded," and fought rebels and blacks.

Distinguished Service.—Colonel Bertram Mitford, who becomes an hon. major-general, saw considerable fighting in both Sudan campaigns, and also in South Africa before he took a command in France. His wife is a sister of Lord Manners.

A Good Beginning.—"Canada in Khaki" (second volume) was only out on Monday; and already £1,000 has been raised by the sale of it for the Canadian War Memorials' Fund, and handed over. N.B.—There are still some copies left, and it is great value for 3s.

Narrow Skirts.—I met two recent brides out walking yesterday—Mrs. Noel Barran and Viscountess Ebrington, and even my masculine eye could note that they wore the new narrow skirts we hear about.

From South Africa.—Singers from South Africa are not so frequent in these islands. Here, however, you have an opportunity of seeing Miss Min Greenstone, a young vocalist born in that Dominion. Well known in the circles that matter over here, she has spent a lot of time entertaining wounded soldiers. Now, she tells me, she is to turn her singing to profit, as she has been encouraged to go upon the professional stage.



Miss Greenstone.

An Orator.—We all knew Miss Compton to be a finished artist with beautiful diction, but now I hear that she will do a bit of public speaking at a meeting next Friday in connection with the British Women's Hospital. Mr. Pett Ridge and Mr. Ben Tillet will also discourse. THE RAMBLER.

How I Permanently Removed an Ugly Growth of Superfluous Hair.

By MARIETTA DI TERGOLINA

(The well-known Mezzo-Soprano).

The use of grease paint, as almost everyone who has used it night after night knows, is very liable to induce a growth of superfluous hair upon the face. I was no exception to the rule, and although only in my early twenties I found to my horror quite a strong growth appearing upon my chin. This caused me great concern until a friend suggested the use of a mino mixed with a few drops of water. I felt a bit doubtful at first, but some one had done it before me, and I procured this powder. I applied it in the manner suggested, and the first application the next day I saw some teakoe paste, and continued doing so for several weeks. At the end of this period I could find no trace of hair whatever, not even with the strongest glass, and since then I have never been troubled with the slightest suspicion of the disfiguring growth returning. I consider the discovery of this pheninol to be the greatest boon on earth.

Marietta di Tergolina

Beauty Secrets for the War Worker.

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THE HAIR

For munition work one invariably wears a cap—and I don't know quite why—it may be for neatness or possibly to protect the hair from dust. If it's the latter it certainly attains its object, but, and this is a very big but, anything worn on the head all day keeps the scalp too warm and tends to make the hair dull and lifeless, besides having the effect of darkening fair or auburn hair.

Now, my hair, which is quite fair, has always been my special care, and it worried me a lot to find it not only losing its gloss, but growing decidedly darker. I really was at a loss to know what to do, until a friend advised me to shampoo it once a fortnight with stallax. I went to the nearest chemist and asked him for a packet of stallax granules, and that evening I shampooed my hair, mixing only one teaspoonful of the granules with half a pint of warm water. I did not rinse my hair, for this is not necessary when using stallax, and the effect was marvelous. From being dull and lifeless, my hair became like its old self, soft, glossy and wavy, and it has, since I've been using this shampoo, returned to its original fairness. I have no need to worry about it now. A shampoo with stallax once a fortnight and my hair can take care of itself. The only drawback is stallax seems rather expensive, as it can only be purchased in the original package, which costs 2s. 6d., but this quantity is too small for the five or thirty individual shampoos. So it really works out very cheaply in the end.

Wrinkles Removed While You Sleep.

You ask me how to remove wrinkles. Well, fortunately, I can tell you, for I know of a very simple, easy and perfectly harmless way, by which you can entirely eradicate the deepest lines while you sleep. You probably know that in America the beauty doctors remove all lines and wrinkles, and give their patients a soft, smooth, peach-like complexion, by a process of "skinning." That process is extremely painful, but the one I can tell you of is just as effectual, and is perfectly harmless; in fact, the process is evolved while you sleep. Just get some petrolised wax—you can buy it at any chemist—and smear a little over your face and neck. Do this at night; do not rub it in; just smear it over the surface of the skin, and in the morning wash with warm water. After a few weeks' treatment the skin will become soft, clear and smooth, and all lines and wrinkles will disappear, for the wax gently and imperceptibly peels off the dead outer skin, upon which the wrinkles have formed, leaving the fresh young skin beneath. The result is just marvellous; it takes 10 years off your apparent age.

An Instantaneous Beautifier.

Instead of face powder, use a simple lotion made from one ounce of clemantine and four teaspoonful of water. This lotion will tone and clear the skin, and act as a protection against sun and wind. A little applied with the fingertips instantly gives the skin a delightful "bloomy" appearance. No powder is necessary, and the result lasts all day long under the most trying conditions.

THE REMEMBERED KISS

BY AN ANONYMOUS AUTHOR.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

LORNA PETERSON loves and is engaged to PATRICK LOUGHLAND, who she supposes has arranged their marriage that they may inherit a fortune left conditions upon their becoming man and wife. Patrick introduces his half-brother, HARRY LOUGHLAND, who tries to make love to Lorna, but is repulsed. Another would-be lover of Lorna's is FRANCIS SCOTT, who met her at some tableaux wherein Patrick was taking a part with MOLLY SOMERS, one of Lorna's friends. She loved him also, but Patrick and Lorna almost quarrel on the eve of their wedding.

MARRIED!

WELL, I was married. I suppose weddings are all very much alike, and, anyway, I cannot give you a very good description of mine, because it all seemed so blurred and confused: a great deal of noise and laughter; an incessant popping of champagne corks and absurd speeches—a lot of kissing and good wishes, and a few tears from mother (because she thought this was the right thing, I suppose).

Of the ceremony in the church I have only one recollection, and that was of Patrick Loughland turning to look at me as I walked up the aisle on father's arm, dragging a terrible weight of train behind me that seemed to be trying to pull me back, and Patrick had sent me a sheaf of fillets to carry, not the cherry pie of which he had spoken; but the scent of the flowers that decorated the crowded church made me forget the train behind me, and all I remember is a subconscious sort of way, or as a background to Patrick's face as he turned in that moment and looked at me.

He was as white as the gardenia in his buttonhole, and his eyes seemed the only bright ones in his face, I thought, and somehow they hurt me—they were so sad—so . . . I cannot find a word that explains what I mean; but for the first time for weeks I felt sorry for him—I felt as if I would like to forget for a minute that he was to be his wife, to forget all that had happened to bring about discord between us, and to slip a hand into his and give it a good squeeze.

There was nobody belonging to him in the church except Harry Loughland, and he, of course, was best man; and I know that most of the people who had crowded there to come and stare at us, and afterwards to drink father's champagne, were telling each other things they had heard about Patrick, and that his marriage to me was just a business arrangement.

Well, I suppose I cannot blame them; because, after all, what else was it?

The worst moment of all was when we drove away from the church. A sharp February shower came rattling down, so we had the car closed and both the windows up. Patrick was standing up, closing the windows, when the car started, and his sudden movement made him sway for a moment against me.

He said "I beg your pardon" just as if he had been speaking to a stranger, and I said "It's all right" in a small, weak sort of voice that he did not hear. I had only known him; and it was only when we were right away from the church that I dared to look at him, and I saw the agitation in his face, and that he was biting one lip hard to keep himself, and the change of the old man seemed to come rushing back into my heart—something of the simplicity of the girl who had been sorry for him and made a hero of him six years ago that night of the thunderstorm, and with that inconsiderable impulse I slipped a hand into his.

"Let's be friends—to-day at least," I said. I felt his fingers grip mine till my new ring cut into my flesh, but he did not look at me, and presently he said in a strained sort of voice:

"I don't want anything—if I can't have all." And the next moment he laughed, and drew his hand away from mine, and he said, "I mean to try to answer him."

We had been married early in the day because of the long journey before us, and we were to cross to Dublin by the night boat. "You poor dear! Mr. Mathews said to me just before I changed into my going-away frock. "I wouldn't have that crossing to-night for all the world! It's sure to be rough! Are you a good sailor?"

"How awful! How perfectly awful!" she exclaimed. "A seakick bride! Could anything shatter romance more completely?"

Wasn't it hateful of her? "You won't be ill," she said, consolingly. "And if you are I am sure Mr. Loughland won't mind."

She always behaved as if she thought Patrick adored me, and though I was grateful to her for it, it hurt intolerably as well. I was sorry to say good-bye to Molly than anyone else when at last it was time to go.

Mr. Scott had come to my wedding, but I had not spoken to him since we were up to say good-bye. For a moment we were practically alone, and he wrung my hand hard as he said—

"I wish you every happiness, but you know that—and . . . and try to forgive me."

He had no time to answer me, for he turned away, or I might have told him that he was forgiven already. I think when you are very unhappy yourself it makes you kinder to other people whom you know are unhappy, too.

My husband, as I looked at him the full realization of it all came over me, and a wave of scarlet rushed to my face.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

"Glad it's over, eh?" he asked.

"For some things," I said.

I wondered what sort of attitude he was going to adopt towards me now. I was a little afraid of him, and it was a great relief when he behaved just in an ordinary friendly sort of manner.

I wanted to be angry—I wanted to harden my heart against him, but the only thought that kept going through my mind helplessly all the time was how much I loved him.

There was a sort of wildness in his face that had appealed to me six years ago when we first met; an untamed sort of look which I am sure had attracted most women to him.

He was my husband, and yet I was afraid to speak to him or even touch his hand. This was our honeymoon journey, and yet we sat opposite one another without exchanging a look or a kiss.

"WAS IT ANYONE ELSE?"

THE train rushed on into the gathering darkness, and I tried to realise that this was a journey I should never see again. I was going back. After a day's things could never be the same again. I could no longer go home the girl I had been—free and unfettered. I was tied to this man for life. I was sitting there looking at him and trying to pierce the terrifying future, when all at once he opened his eyes. "Tired?" he asked.

"No," I said. My lips quivered too badly to say anything else.

He sat up and squared his shoulders. "I've got you a stateroom on the boat," he said. "I hope you will be comfortable. He looked out into the darkness through which we were speeding, and I think we shall have a bad crossing," he added.

"I've never been any distance by sea before," I said.

"Have you?" A little warmth lit his face for a moment as he looked at me; then he said abruptly: "Do you remember that night before you went to the Ropers'?"

I felt my heart shrink as if he had touched it with a rough hand, but I managed to answer that of course I remembered.

"That's the last time I ever kissed you," he said, a sort of wonderment in his voice.

I rallied myself with an effort. "Do you remember the first time?" I asked.

We had never spoken of that first time until now, and his face changed a little.

"At your aunt's house, the night of the storm," he said. You looked so frightened—almost as frightened as I look now."

"I'm not frightened now," I protested breathlessly. "I wasn't frightened then. I was too sorry for you to be frightened."

"Sorry for me?" he said in a queer voice. "You must admit that you did not know me as well then as you do now," he said quietly. "You let me kiss you then, but now—although you are my wife—"

He made no attempt to finish. He looked at his watch.

"We shall be in London another hour."

"Shall we?" I said stupidly. It did not matter to me how soon we were in, or if we never got in at all.

"You must be lying clasped loosely in my lap. I had taken off my gloves, and suddenly he leaned over and lifted my left hand in his.

"Until death us do part," he said mockingly. "It may be the deuce of a time, Lorna."

"You must admit that you did not know me as well then as you do now," he said quietly. "You let me kiss you then, but now—although you are my wife—"

He watched me with a sort of amusement; then he said suddenly—

"Tell me—I've wondered so often—what happened in those days that you were away to make such a difference. You need not mind telling me—we're safely married, and we've got what we wanted, the money! I'm not going to play Bluebeard, I promise you, but I've so often wondered—"

"I'll tell you if you'll tell me where you went and why you didn't write to me," I replied.

He gave a short laugh.

"So you put me on the stool of confession! Very well—but now I want to say good-bye to a girl whom I should probably have married—if I had never met you. And I didn't write to you—after that first note—because . . . well, perhaps I was too ashamed."

My lips held as if they were cut in ice when I tried to answer, but I managed one stiff question: "And she was the girl you were with in the car—on the Hampstead road that night?"

"Yes," he said calmly.

I leaned back in the corner; everything was swimming round me, and I felt giddy and faint. Somehow, though I knew he did not love me, I had never thought, except in a vague way, that he would so easily be anyone else's.

"And now it's your turn," he said. "You haven't answered my question. What made the change, Lorna? Was it—was anyone else?"

And then, driven by my own pain and unbearable jealousy, I told him that he had killed the best hope of my happiness between us once and for all.

"Yes," I said.

I saw his face twitch, and there was the least possible pause before he spoke.

"I mean Scott," he heard afterwards that he went down to see you."

I said "Yes" again.

"Tell all your friends about this thrilling true-to-life story. To-morrow's instalment is a grand one."



Lorna Peterson.

An Easy Economy

We hear so much about economy and we need to practise it so much, that it is a real relief to know of something that positively has not increased in price, and that is also a practical economy in itself. Dolly Cream still costs only a penny, and it is really remarkable what a saving it will effect. It saves the life of your old blouses that are faded and shabby by freshening them up; it saves the laundry money because everything you dip lasts clean so much longer—and it saves labour all round.

Try it the next time you wash your curtains, bedspreads, tablecloths, or blouses—especially your curtains! It involves no trouble and no expense, and you will certainly be pleased.

DOLLY CREAM

For Curtains and other things

Dolly Cream is sold by oilmen, chemists, stores and grocers, everywhere, at 1 penny. Don't pay more than 1d. being charged for it. It involves no trouble and no expense, and you will certainly be pleased.

Try it the next time you wash your curtains, bedspreads, tablecloths, or blouses—especially your curtains! It involves no trouble and no expense, and you will certainly be pleased.

Write for instructive leaflet, "Making the best of the curtains"—it's yours for a p.c.

Sole Makers: WM. EDGE & SONS, Ltd., BOLDON.

And at Lombard Buildings, Lombard Street, Toronto; and 15, Valentine Street, New Bedford, Mass. U.S.A.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADDELPHI—(Gerr. 2646.) "The Boy." W. H. Berry. To-night, at 8.15. Weds. and Sat., at 8.15.

AMBASSADORS—Last 3 performances of "Out of Hell." To-day, at 8.30. To-morrow, at 8.15.

APOLLO—Nightly, at 8.15. "Inside the Lines." The Greatest of all Plays. Mats., Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

COMEDY—Evgs., 8.15. Mats., Mon., Fri., Sat., 2.15.

CRITICISM—The Celebrated Farce, A Little Bit of "Night." To-night, at 8.15. Weds., Thurs., Sat., 8.15.

DOLLY'S—The Maid of the Mountains. To-night and Every Evening, at 8. Matinees, Tues., Sat., at 2.30.

DRURY LANE—(Gerr. 2688.) "Aladdin." Twice Daily, at 1.30 and 7.30. Box-office, 10 to 10.

DUKE OF YORKS—Evenings, 8.30. Mats., Wed., Thurs., Sat., at 2.30. The 13th Chair. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CAIETY—(Gerr. 2780.) "The Beauty Spot" with Regine Foy. To-night, at 8. Mats., Weds., Sat., 2.30.

CHALK—The Saving Grace. Matinees, Daily, at 2.30. Evenings, Weds. and Sat., at 8.30.

GLOBE—Nightly, at 8.15. "Let us be in Love in Glove." Matinees, Weds. and Sat., at 2.15.

HAYMARKET—General Post Office. Daily, at 2.30, and Every Evening, at 8.15.

HIS MAJESTY'S—"Chu Chin Chew." To-night and Every Evening, at 8.15. Mats., Mon., Fri., Sat., 2.15.

INGSWORTH—Brooklyn Challenor in "When Knights Were Bold." Evgs., Thurs., Sat., 8.15. Mats., Daily, 2.30.

LYCEUM—Seven Days' Leave. Evgs., Thurs., Sat., 8.15. Mats., Daily, 2.30.

MAGNET—Doris Keane. 8.30. Basil Sydney, Cecil Humphreys.

MARQUE'S MYSTERIES, St. George's Hall, at 4 and 8. Magic and Mystery. Matinees, Weds., Sat., 2.15.

NEW—"Peter Pan," by J. M. Barrie. Daily, at 2, and To-morrow, at 8.15.

OXFORD—Great Bainsford play, "The Better 'Ole." Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8.

PALACE—To-night, at 8. "Pamela," with Lily Elsie, G. P. Hunter, Owen Nares. Mats., Weds., Sat., 2.30.

PLAYHOUSE—"The Yellow Ticket." To-night, at 8.15.

PHINIXES—"Carmelita." An Operetta. Night, 8.15. Mon., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PRINCE OF WALES—Evenings, at 8. Yes, Undell's! New musical comedy, 8.15.

QUEEN'S—Evenings, at 8.30. "Brewster's Millions." Percy Hutchinson as Monty Brewster.

ROYALTY—"The Girl of the Year," by J. M. Barrie. Daily, at 2.30. Percy Hutchinson, Hilda Trevelyan.

ST. JAMES'S—Daily, at 2. Evenings, Thurs., Sat., at 8.15. "The Girl of the Year," by J. M. Barrie.

ST. MARTIN'S—"Sleeping Partners." Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

EMPIRE—Daily, at 8.30. Last 3 weeks, Albert de Courville's "Zig-Zag" (in preparation "Box of Tricks").

PALLADIUM—Daily, 8.30. Vincent, Matinees, Evgs., 8.15. G. Knowles, Ella Shields, Alfred Whelan, etc.

PERSONAL.

WILL F. W. R. write to A. at the same address?

RETURN at once. Everything all right. Mr. Clement—Dad.

BEDNIE—Happy returns. Write James Lane—Anxious Mother.

BELOVED knight errant, never had letter. Hopeless middle—H.

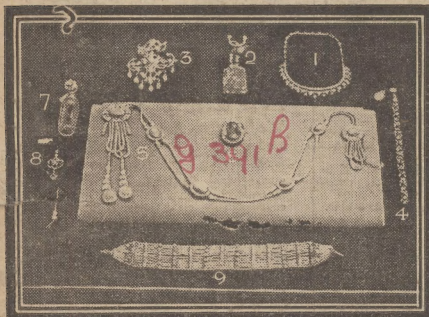
WATCHES, Boots, Clothing, etc., 5s. monthly; list free. Masters, Ltd., General Merchants, Ryde, Sussex. (Est'd. 1869.)

HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity. Ladies only—Florence Wood, 429, Oxford-st., W.1.

DON'T MISS "CANADA IN KHAKI," No. 2 EVERYBODY'S BUYING IT 3s. EVERYWHERE

Daily Mirror

GIFTS TO JEWEL FUND.



A few of the gifts received recently by the Duchess of Marlborough for the Children's Jewel Fund. The donors include Mrs. Winston Churchill, Lady Carishbrooke, Lady Newman and the Dowager Countess of Bradford.

THE GREAT FOOD OFFENSIVE.



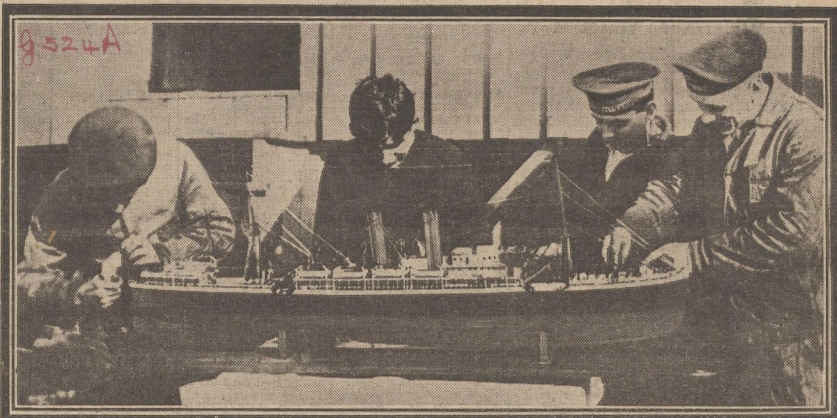
Girls filling small packets with seeds.



Peas being sorted out by machinery. Bad specimens are automatically rejected.

There is no fear of the allotment holder going short of seeds he requires.

GERMAN SAILORS' CLEVER WORK: MODELS OF LINERS.



The crews of the German raiders who are prisoners in America are very skilful at modelling and are making a miniature fleet of merchant vessels, each one the exact replica of some well-known liner. Unfortunately they are too small to be of use to Herr Ballin after the war.

THE NEW PRODUCTION AT THE ST. JAMES'.



Diana woos Valentine.



Gastrius and Valentine.

"Valentine," produced at the St. James' Theatre, is a romantic comedy opera. Mr. Walter Passmore plays the part of Gastrius.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



LADY WEIR, whose husband, Sir William Weir, has been appointed Director-General of Aircraft Production.



TWO MEDALS.—Bdr. J. Moorhouse, R.F.A., of Woolwich, who has won both the M.M. and the D.C.M.

'STOCKINGETTE' CAP



The crown of the hat is made of wool, and any clever housewife could make the shape at home. The cost of the material would be less than 10s.

THE LATEST FOOD QUEUE: HUNGRY SWANS.



A snapshot taken on Windsor Racecourse, where the meeting was abandoned yesterday owing to fog. The swans wanted something to eat.